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JOHN W. TAYLOR

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and to the Betterment of
Outdoor Recreation in Virginia*

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PUBLICATION OFFICE: Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries, 4010 W. Broad St., Richmond, Virginia

JAMES F. McINTEER, JR. *Editor*
ANN E. PILCHER *Editorial Assistant*
LEON G. KESTELOO *Photographer*
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COVER: Considerably larger than our crow, the raven in one form or another is widely distributed in both Eurasia and North America and occurs locally throughout much of the Appalachian region. Old Rag Mountain in Shenandoah National Park is in the background of the painting by John W. Taylor.

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EDITORIAL

Something *Can* Be Done!

WE often have said a lot of nice things about hunting and hunters, and we meant every one of them, but unfortunately some of the nicer things do not apply to some of the hunters.

It is true that most hunters are sportsmen in the very best sense. Unfortunately, a few are not.

It is true that most hunters are kind, thoughtful, generous, courteous, and law-abiding. Unfortunately, a few are not.

There are a few hunters, just as there are a few people in almost any category, who are confirmed, hard-core, *intentional* law violators. There is not much anybody can do about them except to try to get the goods on them and make them pay the penalty they deserve.

There are also a few hunters who do *not intend* to break the law, but who just sometimes fail to find the self-restraint and discipline needed to resist temptation when the opportunity to exceed a bag limit or to take game out of season suddenly presents itself. These are the same people who do *not intend* to do anything wrong, but then sometimes just cannot resist the temptation to do a little hunting on private property without first getting permission to do so. These are the same people who do *not intend* to do anything wrong, yet thoughtlessly damage property by driving vehicles through fields and young tree plantations. They do *not intend* to be discourteous, but they find it convenient to park their cars so as to block roads and lanes. They do *not intend* to misuse their firearms, yet they fire in the direction of livestock, or rain shot upon farm buildings and even homes.

These are the people who do themselves, and the great majority of hunters who are truly sportsmen, untold harm. They are the ones who create the image that makes some folks feel that they wouldn't care two cents' worth if the anti-firearms forces got their way and disarmed all hunters completely. They are the ones for whom POSTED signs are really put up, but of course, once a landowner is driven to posting his property it becomes a lot harder for anyone to get permission to hunt there.

We have a situation in one part of Virginia now that demonstrates perfectly what thoughtlessness, discourteousness, and "little" law violations can do. The deer herd in this particular part of the state has been growing nicely. In fact, it has reached the point at which its growth must be held down, preferably by more liberal hunting regulations. Crop damage is becoming a serious concern of the local people, and they want the deer herd growth checked. But the number of hunters who come into this area also has been growing, and some of the hunters have become a local nuisance just as the deer have. There have been enough cases of trespassing, poaching, blocked roads, broken fences, shot livestock and other annoyances to make the local people demand both fewer deer and fewer hunters!

Something *can* be done about these hunters who do *not intend* to do anything wrong, but who still thoughtlessly fail to obey the rules; but it won't be easy. We would like to think that we could do something about this thoughtlessness just by calling attention to it in this column; but we know better. Something can be done about it only if every sportsman gets the message and passes it along—only if every sportsman takes it upon himself to remind every other hunter at every opportunity to obey the law, respect all property rights, and observe the rules which sportsmanship requires and courtesy demands.—J.F.Mc.

LETTERS

Pesticides

CONGRATULATIONS on a *great* job! I was very much surprised, but pleased to find the message on the back cover of the September *Virginia Wildlife*. I think that this message was very effective in relating to the public the danger of pesticides.

I would like very much to see more of this type of material in future issues of *Virginia Wildlife*. Through such eye catching messages as this, the public is made to think of harmful effects on wildlife.

Keep up the good work!

Jerry W. Via
Roanoke

IT is easy for a person who doesn't gamble on environmental conditions to condemn the farmer for the use of pesticides. Insects can destroy a whole crop in a few days. On a 300 acre farm in this area that would mean a reduction in income from a \$120,000 land investment, \$25,000 equipment investment, and \$5,000 for planting the crop. Most farmers don't like to use insecticides but they lose a great deal of revenue if they don't.

To bring this a little closer home, what would you do if your house was infested with termites?

Research is under way all over the country to determine levels of pesticide residue in all forms of life. I believe that we should withhold our judgments until these results are known.

Don Thompson
Starkville, Mississippi

Correction

In my letter as it appeared in your September issue you substituted *Rockbridge* for *Rockingham* County. The second paragraph should have read, "In Rockingham County" (not Rockbridge) "with its larger deer population I have yet to see signs warning motorists of prime deer crossings."

Michael Reilly
Harrisonburg

Big Racks

ENCLOSED is a picture of a collection of whitetail deer antlers collected here in Virginia in the past three years. There are 20 pairs in the photograph out of nearly 200 pairs collected. None are under 18 inches wide.



This should refute the argument that too many of us hunters have used: "There aren't many big racks like there used to be."

I thought you might want to use it in your "Letters" column.

Charles R. Lewis
Winchester

The New Generation Quail

EVER notice how quail act like grouse nowadays?" the weathered-faced bird hunter asked me.

I had.

"Likely as not," he continued, "you'll find them in pine thickets or in deep brush where you'd half expect to flush a grouse. 'Tain't like it once was. Shucks, the other day I was clean back in the woods when I kicked up a covey and . . ."

I got to thinking. Last time I was quail hunting we flushed six coveys and over half were in the scrub oaks, the pines and the dense brush. Less and less, it seems, quail nowadays are found in the picturesque fields where they once were. And this thing of leisurely kicking up a covey under picture-book conditions, dropping a couple as they fill the sky with whirring wings, then simply hunting down the singles in the same field a mere 100 yards away is becoming a thing of the past.

Quail just aren't the little gentleman birds they once were. They aren't following the rules laid down for them in game bird hunting books. Seems to me they have some new ideas of their own about where they should or shouldn't be or how they should or shouldn't act.

Have quail gone loco? Hardly. They've just gotten smarter. We, with our sprawling urbanization and our fierce hunting pressure, have caused them to change. They've had to in order to survive.

Now you can take this two ways. You can stand back and lament for the good-old-days of the past or you can



Quail hunter wades into the brush where the new generation bird lives.

view it all as a new challenge. As a fairly young hunter, I like to see it as a new challenge. I'll tell you why.

But first, why have quail changed? I noticed that, too, the last time I hunted them. I was out from crackling-crisp morningtime, when even the ugliest weeds stand out like sparkling Christmas decorations in their coating of frost, till eveningtime with its tangy air and blue-gray wisps of smoke marking warm fireplaces and supper in the making of farm homes.



Well trained dogs like this pointer and setter add fun and success to quail hunting.

By BILL COCHRAN
Roanoke

Amid all this charm, and the thrill of coveys and the excitement of singles, there was a bit of sadness. I could not help but notice how Bob White is being harassed by many enemies. The greatest of these is man, you and I. Not man the hunter, but man the expander, the builder, the populator.

Where I had hunted quail the season before, houses stood, roads crossed. And as I hunted, my ears were filled with the sounds of road building machinery, the sounds of cattle, the sounds of truck tires whining on Interstate asphalt, the sounds of airplanes, even the sounds of doors slamming.

These sounds mean the hatchet for quail, because here is a bird that must have cover: a place to hide, a place to nest, a place to feed. Quail like uncut fields, fringe area woodlots, ungrazed meadows and untrimmed fencerows. They not only like them; they demand them.



Modern quail have survived the hard way, and evolved into fast flushing, hard flying birds.

Because we are rapidly changing from an open-space, agricultural society into a brick and pavement urban society, quail, too, are changing. And if a hunter is to be successful, he must change also.

In the western part of Virginia, where I live, we seldom hunt the big fields of yesterday, fields you could spend almost the entire day in. We don't hunt them, because, simply enough, there aren't many left.

Instead, more and more, we find ourselves covering several small patches during a day's hunt, going from one to another, making a quick swing through, then moving on. It requires a good relationship with several landowners along with well trained dogs—setters or pointers—and considerable old-fashioned legwork. But it pays off.

The quail we find have survived the hard way. They are fast flushing, hard flying creatures. They roost in thickets, then during the day, usually morning and again later in the afternoon, they slip out into the fields to feed on grain



Dogs have found quail in the shadow of snow-capped Peaks of Otter.

or weed seeds, or whatever might be available. Afterwards they beat a rapid retreat back into the thickets. That's why, likely as not, we'll find them in the brush patches, woodlots or thickets near farm crops or weed fields. That's why, chances are, our targets will be spiraling, twisting fragments hurling through the oaks and pines. That's why, more and more often, they'll flush wild, roaring skyward without a chance for us to shoot.

Quail and quail hunting have changed. They will continue to change. Bobs are no longer cooperative little fellows willing to follow good quail etiquette. At least they aren't in my neck of the woods.

This is putting new demands on hunters and their dogs. Now you can quit quail hunting, as some have, or you can wade right in the thick stuff where the new generation lives.

I prefer the wading. Likely, I won't get as many shots as the hunter did a generation or two ago. My game bag will be lighter. I'll get scratched up more. I'll have to cover more territory.

But I may find the sport challenging with every point more meaningful, every shot more thrilling and every quail dish more tasty.

Today's challenge makes each point, each shot, and each retrieve more satisfying than ever.



'69 – '70 HUNTING REGULATIONS

HUNTERS brushing up on their regulations as the main upland hunting seasons of 1969 approach find that they do not have much to “unlearn” from a year ago as the seasons and bag limits on most species follow pretty much the same pattern as last fall’s.

Deer hunters will be permitted to shoot doe in Albemarle, Fluvanna and Louisa Counties on the last day of the season, as the growing deer herds in these three adjoining counties, especially in Fluvanna, have begun to create problems and need to be controlled by increased legal hunting pressure. Such control cannot be applied through bucks only hunting as removal of bucks does not curtail the breeding productivity of the herd.

The turkey season east of the Blue Ridge will be *gobblers only*, but will be moved forward to open November 17 with the deer season. Adverse habitat changes and expanding human populations in the central and eastern counties continue to work against improved turkey populations, but as long as only gobblers are taken the turkey flocks will be in no danger of overkill from legal hunting. West of the Blue Ridge the turkey season is either sex and opens with the

western early small game season. Turkey hunting closes both east and west on December 20, except in Pittsylvania where a different season is set by law rather than by Commission regulation. Counties closed to turkey hunting are those in which a huntable turkey population does not exist or in which restocking by transplantation of trapped wild birds is, or recently has been, in progress.

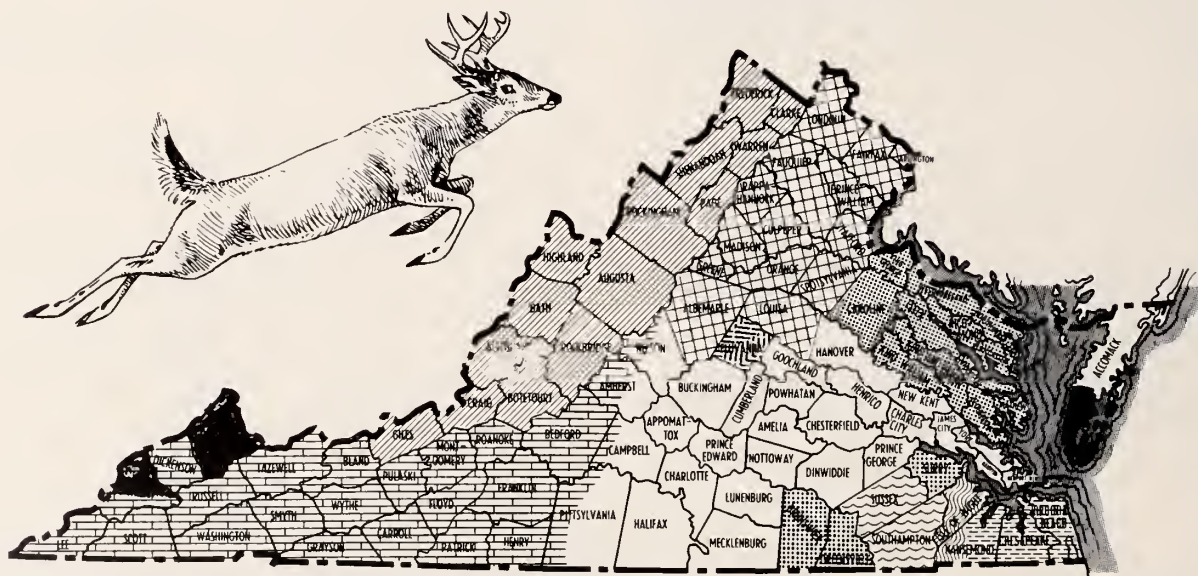
Bear hunters will get an extra ten days during a season opening November 10 and closing December 31 except in counties where a different season is prescribed by law.




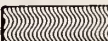


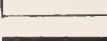


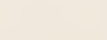
Small game seasons open the first Monday in November west of the Blue Ridge and the third Monday in November east of the Blue Ridge, with closing dates unchanged from last year.

Excellent water conditions on the prairie "duck factory" last summer promise increased flights of waterfowl this fall but Virginia hunters may not notice much difference. Red-head and canvasback populations remain at low levels, while the wood duck and Virginia's number one game duck, the black, do not nest on the prairies and are not influenced by conditions there.

The season for ducks will open November 22 and close January 10, with a basic three duck daily limit, not more than one of which may be a redhead or canvasback, and not more than two of which may be woodies or black ducks. Last year's reduced limit on mallard has been lifted.

Deer Seasons and Limits



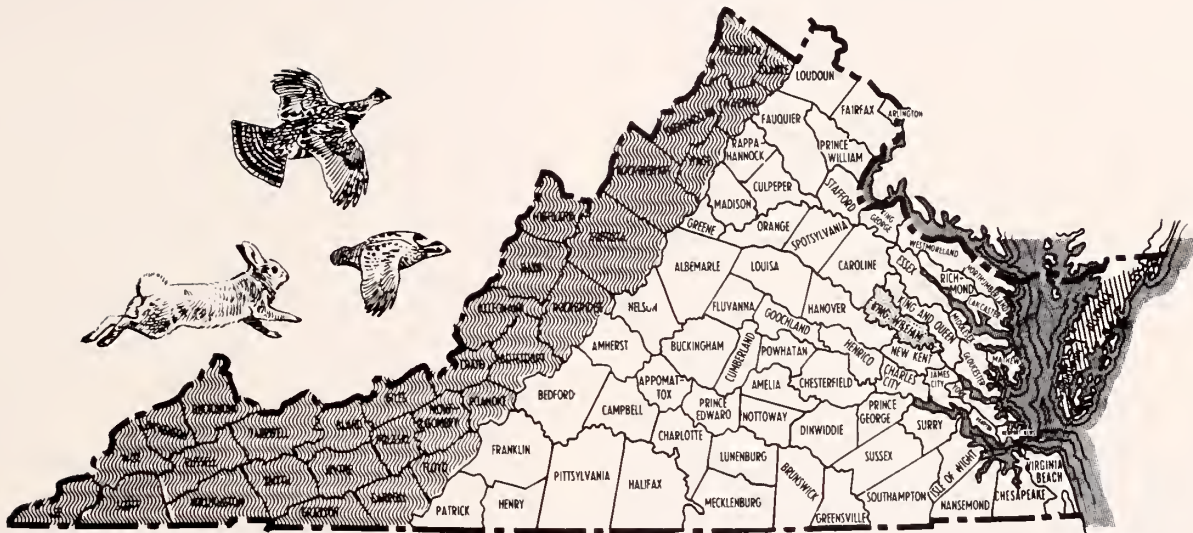
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|---|---|---|--|
|  | November 17–January 5 – Two deer per license year, one of which may be antlerless on the last day only. |  | November 17–January 5 – Two deer* per license year, one of which may be antlerless on the last 12 hunting days only. |
|  | November 17–29 – One deer* per license year, either sex on the last day only. |  | November 10–January 5 – Two deer* per license year, one of which may be antlerless on the last 12 hunting days only. |
|  | November 17–29 – One deer* per license year, bucks only. |  | October 1–November 29 – Two deer* per license year, bucks only. |
|  | November 17–January 5 – Two deer* per license year, bucks only. |  | November 17–January 5 – One deer* per license year, either sex on last day only. |
|  | CLOSED TO ALL DEER HUNTING* | | |
|  | November 17–January 5 – Two deer* per license year, one of which may be antlerless | | |
- The bag limit on military areas may differ from that established for the surrounding county or counties.*


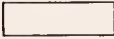


The bag limit on military areas may differ from that established for the surrounding county or counties.

* BUCKS WITH ANTLERS VISIBLE ABOVE THE HAIR EXCEPT AS OTHERWISE SPECIFIED'

NO MORE THAN ONE DEER MAY BE TAKEN IN ANY ONE DAY

Rabbit, Grouse and Quail Seasons and Limits



-  November 3—January 31 (Rabbits & Quail); November 3—February 28 (Grouse)
-  November 17—January 31 (Rabbits & Grouse); November 17—February 14 (Quail)
-  November 17—January 15 (Rabbits); November 17—February 14 (Quail)
-  November 17—January 31 (Rabbits, quail and grouse)

BAG LIMITS:

Rabbits: 6 per day; 75 per license year.
Grouse: 3 per day; 15 per license year.
Quail: 8 per day; 125 per license year.

In the Back Bay area the goose season will conform to that for ducks, with a one goose per day bag limit. The Back Bay goose population is a part of a larger population which winters from the southeastern corner of Virginia through eastern North Carolina and other Southeastern States, and the flocks making up this population have been on the decline in spite of increases elsewhere in the Atlantic flyway. To reverse this trend these geese are receiving additional protection in the form of shorter seasons and lower bag limits than prevail elsewhere. Other than in the Back Bay area goose hunting will begin November 10 and extend through January 24, with a daily limit of three geese instead of last year's limit of two.

1969-70 VIRGINIA MIGRATORY GAME BIRD SEASONS AND LIMITS

Species	Season Dates	Daily Bag Limit	Possession Limit	Shooting Hours
DUCKS*	Nov. 22—Jan. 10	3*	6†	½ hour before sunrise until sunset
GEESE (Except Back Bay)	Nov. 10—Jan. 24	3 Canada Geese	6 Canada Geese	½ hour before sunrise until sunset
GEESE—Back Bay	Nov. 22—Jan. 10	1 Canada Goose	2 Canada Geese	½ hour before sunrise until sunset
COOT	Nov. 22—Jan. 10	10	20	½ hour before sunrise until sunset
GALLINULES	Nov. 22—Jan. 10	15	30	½ hour before sunrise until sunset
BRANT(Except Back Bay)	Nov. 10—Jan. 17	6	6	½ hour before sunrise until sunset
BRANT—Back Bay	Nov. 22—Jan. 10	6	6	½ hour before sunrise until sunset
AMERICAN or REOBREASTED MERGANSERS	Nov. 22—Jan. 10	5 combined	10 combined	½ hour before sunrise until sunset
SCOTERS; EIDERS and OLD SQUAWS	Nov. 22—Jan. 10	7 combined	14 combined	½ hour before sunrise until sunset
CLAPPER RAILS and KING RAILS	Sept. 12—Nov. 20	15 combined	30 combined	½ hour before sunrise until sunset
SORA RAILS and VIRGINIA RAILS	Sept. 12—Nov. 20	25 combined	25 combined	½ hour before sunrise until sunset
DOVES	Sept. 6—Nov. 1 Dec. 15—Dec. 27	18	36	Noon until sunset
WOODCOCK	Nov. 17—Jan. 20	5	10	½ hour before sunrise until sunset
JACKSNIFE	Nov. 17—Jan. 5	8	16	½ hour before sunrise until sunset

*Not to include more than 2 wood ducks, one canvasback or redhead, or 2 black ducks

†Not to include more than 4 wood ducks, one canvasback or redhead or 4 black ducks

(Continued on page 14)

THE wise ones say it is a mystic moon. Its power reaches from the distant past when earth was young. It was then that basic protoplasms were more closely bound to its pale light. Life responded to its rise and wane as did the tides. The years have dimmed the pull that once was strong, yet even to this day some of its power remains to cast its spell.

The silent cold locked in the land. The Long Night Moon was past and with the lengthening days the cold grew stronger still. Another moon, grown to the full, climbed above the mountain. Below the rise of ground that marked the boundary of the swamp, a living spring, smoked with the cold. Near the spring, high blueberry bushes lifted frost crystaled twigs against the background of frost pruned hemlocks. Rhododendron leaves were tightly curled cylinders against the cold.

An ancient maple, growing on a knoll above the spring, was a grotesque silhouetted against the moon. The gnarled, black branches were outlined with silver where the snow

the talons as the little owl settled on a branch somewhere above. She saw the silhouette against the sky and was not afraid. Again the trembling notes sounded across the swamp and then from far away the answer came. Reassured, the bird fluffed its feathers to retain its body heat and settled down to wait.

A fallen, sphagnum-covered log was undermined by tiny trails. In its decaying hollow, a store of cherry pits, cranberries and, most prized of all, a quart or more of starch rich tubers of yellow nut grass were hidden. This white-footed mouse had by some happy chance selected this sphagnum-insulated log for her winter home. A cavity in a hollow branch served as a nesting chamber. Fluff from the cotton-grass and cat-tail heads that grew nearby made it snug and warm. She was secure, unmindful of the cold.

Tonight a restlessness had come. She left her nest and wandered aimlessly, seeking, she knew not what. She made a tour of the tunnels and turned again toward the nest. She sensed that all was not well. She hurried on.



and moonlight heaped along their tops. The shadows were etched in blue traceries on the snow.

The cottontail that crouched in the shadow of the trunk was practically invisible. She was no ordinary rabbit nourished by the succulent vegetation and abundant forage of the valley farms, but a woods rabbit, conditioned by the bitter bark and thorny brambles on which she fed. Her fitness was attested by the fact that this was the second winter she had successfully survived cold, hunger and predators.

The quavering tremolo of a screech owl sounded from the hardwood ridge that rimmed the swamp beyond the maple. Minutes later her sensitive ears heard the faint raking of

A hunting shrew, titting with excitement of the chase, followed hard on the trail of the mouse. She fled toward the surface of the snow to find another refuge . . .

The cottontail saw the mouse emerge from the end of the snow-covered log and head toward the maple. It covered less than half the distance when the owl swooped from overhead. The mouse leaped frantically aside, uttered one shrill squeak, then died as the owl's sharp talons pierced its rib cage. Seconds later a drop of blood, flanked on either side by wing sweeps in the snow, remained.

The shrew found the drop of blood that marked the tragedy. It circled excitedly, sniffing here and there to find

its prey. A shadow blotted out the moon. Too late he turned to run. The second owl swooped in then circled back toward the hemlocks of the swamp.

The rabbit wached unmoved.

This silent cold was winter's show of strength before relinquishing its rein. In spite of the chill, change was already in progress. Each day the snow softened. The ground absorbed water like a sponge until it could hold no more. The stream that drained the spring wandered seemingly without purpose as it turned aside to pass the roots of standing trees. It pushed under fallen logs and undercut the tangles of drift as the water slowly rose. The white sand of its bed challenged the whiteness of the snow that clothed its banks. The tight-rolled rhododendron leaves opened to the warming sun each day. Seepage from the springs melted patches of the snow. Skunk cabbage spears, relative of the stately calla lily, were each surrounded by a circle of melted snow.

As the full moon reached toward the zenith of its climb the restless urge of moon and season touched the swamp. The rabbit felt its pull. A dozen times she moved her hind feet restlessly. At times she raised her ears to catch some far-off sound. Each time she settled back and hunched more closely in her form.

Upon a mound beyond the spring, a red fox turned its nose toward the moon and yapped. It turned its head from

Their speed seemed to make collision inevitable when, with dramatic timing, one leaped into the air while the other passed safely underneath. Some played at tag. A pair pursued a third with others following hard. A sudden pause and the pursuers became the pursued, fleeing as if in fright a stampeding mass that broke into fragments. Again they leaped and raced and dodged in a kaleidoscopic motion, their numbers doubled by the shadows that raced beneath. A game of catch and chase became so intermixed the game was lost before it had begun. Jets of powdered snow were thrown from flying feet. The clearing was caught in an endless thread of motion that wove a pattern of impressions, impossible to separate. They moved, intoxicated by the light, caught in its magic spell. The hours passed. The moon moved down the sky.

The shadows lengthened until suddenly the action stopped.



RABBIT

By ALBERT G. SHIMMEL
West Decatur

MOON

side to side then yapped again. Another of its kind came trotting from the swamp. The fox crouched low then leaped into the air. The other trotted in. Briefly they touched noses then frolicked with the abandon of puppies. Tired at last they walked into the thicket.

When the foxes had gone the restlessness again grew strong. At last the excitement overcame her calm. She left her place and sped across the open space until she reached the labyrinth of rhododendron beds where hemlocks cast a darker shade. Her caution, forgotten under the spell of the moonlight, returned. She crept along the trails that webbed the swamp as if she were under a hypnotic spell. Within a quarter mile she approached a clearing set among the trees. Trails radiated in all directions. Here the snow, crusted by the cold, lay smooth and white. She reached the edge, sat up and raised her ears to reach each sound.

As if in answer to some silent call, another of her kind emerged from the shadows and sat to watch. A second joined the first, then others came until they numbered more than half a score. They hunched along the edge of the clearing, each seeming to ignore the others. Some sat like bits of detached shadows, torn from the fabric of the night.

Forgetful of the dangers of the night they surrendered willingly to the magic of the moon. The protoplasm of their cells responded to that ancient force that first drew life to land in aeons past.

Suddenly all was motion. A single animal began it all. It dashed from the shadow, leaping high, then circled the clearing. A pair ran toward each other from opposite sides.

Each one seemed frozen into place. One by one they crept away into the shadows. The muffled drumming of a grouse came from the swamp. The clearing was empty when a great horned owl circled on silent wings. It popped its bill in disappointment. It must look elsewhere for prey to feed its newly hatched nestlings. A single flying squirrel glided across the clearing and disappeared into the trunk of a hollow maple.

The mystic moon has power, the wise ones say, to banish fear, quicken life's pulse and, for a little time, restore the freedom that was everywhere when life was new.

WHAT BUNNY BUSTIN'S ALL ABOUT

By BOB GOOCH
Troy

IT was a brisk November morning. There was little warmth in the bright sunlight, though its glow bathed the Virginia countryside with its golden beams. But a properly dressed hunter wouldn't notice the slight chill—now that the heavy frost had disappeared. A great day to be alive. A great day to be part of a bustling cottontail hunt.

The hunting party—my brother Jack, John Blair, a retired Navy man torn between bird hunting and bunny busting, and I—moved slowly up the tiny branch that fed John's sparkling farm pond. John's pack of busy beagles scurried back and forth ahead of us, noses to the ground and waving tails signaling their enthusiasm for their work. My Tuck had just joined them. He was no stranger to John's pack, having hunted with them many times.

Jon-jon was the first to sound off. A pint sized brown and tan hound barely larger than a fat cottontail, he was one of the best jump dogs in rural Fluvanna County. Jon-jon could be depended upon to get the action going, but his short legs were no match for the bigger beagles. He would give chase for a hundred yards or so, get hopelessly behind and wander back to wait with the hunters until the chase was over. If this handicap developed a complex in Jon-jon it wasn't evident.

That first bunny of the day bounced from his form deep in the tangle of vegetation that almost choked the little feeder stream. Even before the other dogs chimed in and got the chase rolling we knew where that cottontail was headed. We'd jumped many bunnies from that thicket, but regardless of how many we killed there was always another for another day and another chase.

The scared bunny scooted for a nearby woodlot. Brush piles, briars, pines and second growth hardwoods furnished prime cottontail cover. Just inside the edge of the jumbled up forest an old logging road provided a break in the heavy vegetation. As the noisy chase rolled into the woods we took stands along the winding road. My choice was a knoll near

John watches as pack of beagles scour ground in search of bunny scent.



Author, Tuck, scattergun and fat cottontail in prime rabbit cover.

the little stream where it crossed the deeply rutted road. John was waiting at a favorite crossing not far to my right, and Jack was across the tiny stream to my left. If the bunny sneaked back, one of us would likely see it as it bounced across the road.

We waited in silence, ears straining as the beagle music floated back on the thin November air—sharp, clear and melodious. It is from the chase that the beagle fancier gets his kicks. The kill is almost anticlimactic. It rounds out the hunt, though, providing an objective plus tasty meat for the table.

Minutes ticked quickly away. The chase faded into the distance and out of hearing. Had the dogs lost their quarry? A smart rabbit can shake a pack of beagles. A long leap across a ditch or stream will throw them off—at least temporarily until they pick up the trail on the other side. A dash through a wet marsh leaves little scent. Woodchuck holes and hollow logs put the rabbit beyond the reach of the beagles. Many good chases end in frustration.

But suddenly the beagle talk was there again—increasing in tempo. The little hounds were headed back! This is the moment a rabbit hunter lives for. His pulse quickens as he grips his gun. He shifts into a shooting stance. Notes the position of his companions—and tries to guess the bunny's most likely route of approach. Guided by the sound of the chase he may move stealthily to a new location.

The swift cottontail doesn't move rapidly when pursued by a pack of slow moving beagles. Most beagles are slow, methodical workers, and the twisting trail of a smart bunny slows their progress. Occasionally the pack may get hot on his heels and ole bro' rabbit will turn on the steam, but on most chases his pace is a slow one. He also remains alert for danger that lurks ahead as well as that on his trail.

I have often watched cottontails approach my stand.

This is possible if the woods are clear of undergrowth, or the chase is across an open field. The bunny darts ahead, stops to look and listen, and then may squat quietly for awhile, or tip-toe slowly forward. He's so much faster than his pursuers that he seems to consider them a secondary danger.

Moving along in this manner, the bunny rarely presents a difficult shot. The hunter may catch his game merely hopping along—or even sitting still. The slowly moving rabbit is not much of a shooting challenge. Consequently, many hunters like to handicap themselves with a bow and arrow or a light .22 caliber rifle. However, if pressed hard the cottontail can fairly streak across a clearing or open field, and then he is a tough target. I have seen many crack wingshots miss a scrambling rabbit, usually shooting behind the fleeing target.

The bunny is usually well ahead of the dogs. The novice hunter may get buffaloed here. His attention focused on the pack of howling beagles, he is taken completely by surprise when the bunny suddenly pops into range and then vanishes before the startled hunter has time to collect his wits.

"Get ready," John warned in a hushed voice.

A rabbit's radar-like ears are its first line of defense. Long and well cupped, they are usually erect and extremely sensitive to the slightest sound. The careless voice of a waiting hunter will send a bunny scurrying off in another direction before the hunter realizes the quarry is near. If the novice doesn't learn to wait quietly, his companions will



John helps Jon-jon work heavy vegetation for game. The hunter can help his hounds by kicking brush piles, stomping likely cover, moving slowly, and keeping his eyes peeled for squatting rabbits.

in the frozen road bed.

"Good shot!" I said as Jack picked up his prize.

"Let's call the dogs in and let 'em see it," John suggested, as he let forth with his throaty yodel, which seems to work magic in bringing the hounds in from a chase. It's almost impossible to hurry a pack of busy beagles. Often it is a matter of waiting until they work the trail into the kill.

We finally got the dogs in. John gave them time to nuzzle the fat bunny and satisfy themselves the chase was over. We took a break and discussed the chase while the happy dogs, tongues out, milled around. They soon became restless, however, and we were ready to go after the second rabbit of the day.

This time we decided to follow the logging road to our right, and work the edges of the big woodlot. Cottontails love this kind of cover—brush piles, honeysuckle and briar patches near a big field that offers browse.

The ground was beginning to thaw a little now, and tracking conditions were almost ideal. The earth was just moist enough to hold scent well. Weather extremes are rarely good for rabbit hunting. Dogs find tracking difficult in dry weather. And in extremely cold weather rabbits seem to "sit tight," being almost impossible to jump. Only

(Continued on page 12)



An old logging road just inside the woods offered shooting opportunity as rabbit headed for home.

get the message to him—and in no uncertain terms!

A couple of years ago my bird dog came to a point in a woodland valley. I was a little puzzled as it looked like poor cover for quail. I moved in cautiously. Studying the leaf covered ground for a few minutes, I finally spotted a couple of rabbit ears emerging from the loose leaves. I am sure that bunny couldn't see us, but those sharp ears warned him of our presence. I spoke to the dog, and at the sound of my voice the leaves erupted and the bunny bounced away.

A false move, snap of a twig—any unusual noise will turn a homeward bound bunny just as quickly.

We waited—eyes and ears strained. The dogs were still a good distance back when the bunny hopped into the road in front of Jack—almost too close for a shot. I couldn't shoot for Jack. John saw it also and yelled to Jack. It was an unnecessary warning as the bark of Jack's 16 gauge drowned out John's voice.

The fleeing bunny tumbled head over heels and lay still

Tuck digs into rough cover to rout a rabbit.



those hunters owning the best beagles are usually successful at such times. Some hunters insists cottontails bury deep in woodchuck holes in such weather. Well packed snow, that which has melted slightly and settled, seems to offer fair trailing conditions. It can make for delightful hunting if its depth does not hamper the progress of the hunter and his dogs.

"Old Tuck," I exclaimed in delight as an excited yip signaled we were back in business. I've never seen a rabbit hunter that did not prize his own dogs. Nothing thrills a hunter quite like bagging a bunny in front of his own beagles.

I had bought Tuck when he was a mere pup, and brought him along as carefully as my limited time permitted. He was a hard hunter and loved the game. His biggest drawback was a weakness for a hot deer trail. It took old age to eventually cure him of this habit.

He had a cottontail going this time, though. The other dogs soon joined in and a little pride swelled in my chest. Any true beagle man will understand.

I believe, that given the opportunity, most beagles will chase deer. One solution to this annoying problem is to limit their use to good rabbit country, hoping the abundance of game will keep them disinterested in whitetails.

But Tuck's chase stopped almost as quickly as it had started.

"What happened to them?" I queried.

"Probably holed up in a hole or log," Jack suggested.

We headed in the general direction of the dogs, and soon met them as they drifted back one by one.

We were discussing the next move when Jon-jon opened up again, ending our discussion abruptly. This chase turned out to be a short one. Even before we had settled on our stands, John's gun barked and he picked up a kicking cotton-

Jon-jon and Sonny work a hot scent.



John trudges along stream from the bank of which we jumped our first rabbit.

tail.

While many beagle fanciers like registered dogs, many top rabbit hunters favor dogs with mixed blood in their veins. They insist they are not as temperamental as the blue bloods. Actually, there is no reason a hunter cannot include both in his pack. The friendly little hounds are inexpensive to feed and make wonderful pets.

A good pack of beagles is the key to successful rabbit hunting, particularly when in pursuit of today's hard hunted bunnies so wise to the ways of hunters and hounds. Often only those hunters fortunate enough to own good dogs enjoy success in the rabbit hunting grounds.

Just about any kind of scattergun will serve as a rabbit piece. The ideal is probably a 16 or 20 gauge bored improved cylinder or modified choke. A good upland bird gun will double well as a rabbit gun. But all kinds of shotguns serve rabbit hunters—and they all take game.

When I buy shells specifically for rabbits I select size 6, but any size from 6 to 8 will do the trick. A rabbit is not particularly hard to bring down.

The hunter should swing his string of shot a little ahead of the bunny, trying for a head shot. This insures a clean kill, and so hit the rabbit usually tumbles head over heels. A rabbit hit too far back will drag off with his front feet.

The hunter should join the beagles in the hunting. He can kick brush piles, stomp through likely looking cover, and keep his eye peeled for squatting bunnies. Get them up and the dogs will do the rest.

Few hunters shoot rabbits on the jump. They feel this robs the dogs of their fun, and their companions of the thrill of the chase.

A final note. The dogs do not deliberately drive their game back to the hunter. The rabbit is a home loving animal, and eventually circles back to the general area from which he is jumped. The hunter who stations himself there will bust his share of bunnies.

VIRGINIA WILDLIFE

CONSERVATIONGRAM

Commission Activities and Late Wildlife News . . . At A Glance

COMMISSION PERSONNEL BAND 5,000 DOVES. Personnel of the Virginia Commission of Game and

Inland Fisheries banded 5,000 doves in the state during the June, July and August trapping period, reports Game Research Biologist Jack Gwynn. This represented an increase of nearly 800 birds over the total banded in the state last year. Obtaining a large number of banded birds was especially important this year so the maximum amount of information could be obtained from the experimental daily bag limit of 18 doves in effect this fall.

About two-thirds of the birds banded were trapped east of the Blue Ridge. The highest total came from the central piedmont where nearly 1,000 doves were caught and fitted with the numbered aluminum bracelets in a 13-county area. Sixty-four of the birds trapped carried bands from previous years.

95,000 POUNDS SEEDED FOR GAME. Some 95,000 pounds of various grains were distributed by the Virginia Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries for game food plantings in Virginia this year, reports Game Division Field Coordinator C. H. Shaffer. A total of 13,514 cooperating sportsmen and landowners received the bags of seed which are distributed free of charge to eligible persons by game biologists and wardens. For the first time this year much of the seed was grown on Game Commission Wildlife Management Areas.

As usual the Commission's Annual Game Bird Mix proved to be the most popular item, accounting for 83,811 pounds of the total. The mix contains seeds of soybeans, cowpeas, Korean lespedeza, German and brown top millets, buckwheat, milo maize and rape. Good plantings of this mixture attract quail, turkeys, doves, rabbits and deer. It is distributed in bags sufficient to plant 1/8 acre.

Also distributed under the program were 10,856 pounds of sericea lespedeza seed and 1,284 pounds of bicolor lespedeza seed. Sericea is used primarily as a cover planting useful to rabbits, quail and occasionally turkeys. Bicolor is a shrubby plant growing 2-4 feet high and providing excellent food and cover for quail and rabbits. Both of the lespedezas are perennials which live for several years, but the game bird mix must be reseeded annually.

Seed for planting is ordered in the early spring through the game warden in the county where it is to be planted.

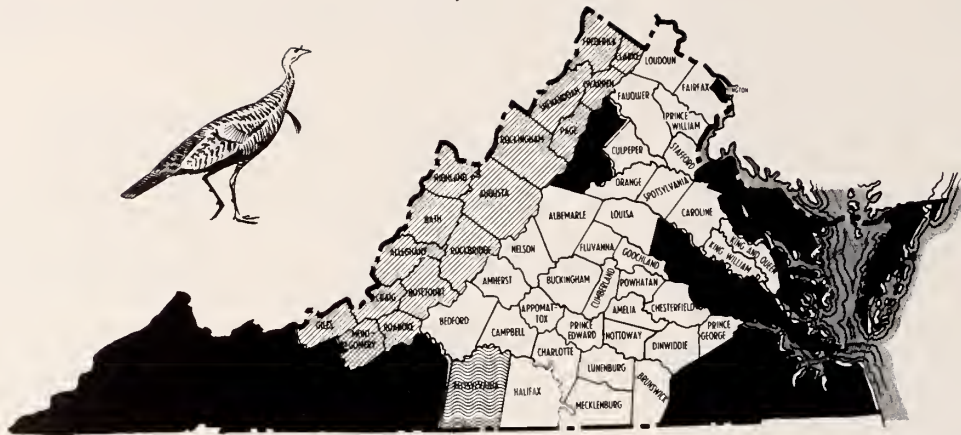
HUNTERS AND FISHERMEN CAUTIONED TO AVOID CONTAINERS ALONG RIVERS. Hunters and fishermen who

travel along the flood ravaged rivers in central and eastern Virginia this fall are cautioned by state officials to avoid containers which may be lodged in piles of debris. Materials known to be scattered along river banks range from propane tanks and industrial chemicals to some rather potent pesticides. Hunters taking pot shots at such items might trigger a disastrous explosion, and persons opening such containers run a risk of physical harm from contact with the contents or from inhaling the fumes.

An overall effort is being made to locate all such materials and dispose of them. Sportsmen finding such objects are urged to report the location to local authorities so the materials can be scheduled for early removal. If these materials are not located and removed, the containers will eventually disintegrate and may spill their contents into the river causing a fish kill. Due to the explosive nature of many of these materials, setting fire to piles of debris is extremely hazardous.

Much of the insecticide is in one-gallon cans, but some is in plastic jugs and fiber drums. The industrial chemicals are in cans and drums ranging from 5 gallons to 55 gallons. In most cases, all identifying labels and information have been washed off the container so the finder will have no means of determining just what it contains. Since the flood waters invaded areas not normally flooded, these materials may be deposited in woods and fields some distance from the rivers. Under no circumstances should sportsmen attempt to open such containers or move them.

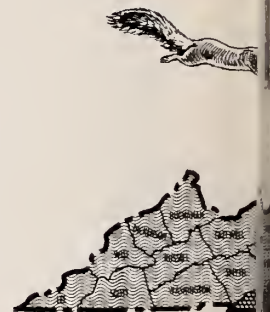
Turkey



BAG LIMIT: 6 per day, 75 per season

- November 3–December 20 – One per day, two of either sex per license year.
- November 17–December 20 – One bearded turkey per day, two per license year.
- November 17–January 31 – One gobbler per day, two per license year.
- CLOSED TO FALL TURKEY HUNTING.

NO MORE THAN ONE TURKEY MAY BE TAKEN IN ANY ONE DAY



- October 1–14, November 1–14
- October 1–14, November 1–14
- September 1–15, November 1–14
- September 15–30, November 1–14
- November 3–January 1

- A October 15–November 14
- B September 15–October 14

Bear



- November 10–December 31
- November 10–January 5
- November 3–January 5
- October 1–November 29

BAG LIMIT: one per license year (over 75 pounds live weight).

- October 1–November 29
- October 1–November 29
- October 1–November 29
- CONTINUED

VIRGINIA BIG GAME KILL RECORDS

Squirrel



er January 31 September 15–October 14, November 17–January 31
 er January 31 November 17–January 31
 be 7–January 31 September 15–October 14, November 17–January 31
 ml 3–January 31 September 15–30, November 17–January 31
 September 15–30, November 17–January 31

ua 31 – on Camp Pickett Military Reservation Only.

October 31, November 17–January 31 – on Camp A. P. Hill Military Reservation only

Raccoon



January 31 November 3–January 5 on National Forests and Game Commission lands West of the Blue Ridge.
 February 28 November 17–January 31 on National Forests and Game Commission lands East of the Blue Ridge.
 March 10
 S E N S E A S O N

County or City	1966-1967			1967-1968			1968-1969		
	Deer	Bear	Turkey	Deer	Bear	Turkey	Deer	Bear	Turkey
Accomack	52			61			84		
Albemarle	296	2	72	245	19	32	392	18	13
Alleghany	664	14	147	626	27	61	705	32	176
Amelia	251		106	276		67	350		6
Amherst	234	3	73	241	22	44	141	7	10
Appomattox	124		37	123		23	195		8
Augusta	1,266	14	223	1,133	49	148	942	54	360
Bath	1,818	8	453	1,803	23	289	1,544	14	476
Bedford	70	4	34	75	14	6	74	11	6
Bland	236			117	7		190	8	
Botetourt	675	9	200	737	25	144	762	20	292
Brunswick	144		30	144		15	288		4
Buchanan									
Buckingham	533		166	549		86	658		34
Campbell	37		12	36		2	42		3
Caroline	502		76	784		37	1,032		11
Carroll	51			59		1	44		
Charles City	209			234			281		
Charlotte	24		36	40		21	45		9
Chesapeake-Norfolk	526	6		165	7		203	9	
Chesterfield	227	2	91	293		53	372		7
Clarke	89			86			106		
Craig	950	10	186	963	16	112	789	17	194
Culpeper	61		15	67		21	108		6
Cumberland	260		9	294		8	357		6
Dickenson	24			11			9		
Dinwiddie	261		58	291		39	360		3
Essex	89		10	88			121		4
Fairfax	14		4	8		7	4		4
Fauquier	188		64	203		52	324		25
Floyd	30			23			24		
Fluvanna	326		41	470		14	988		10
Franklin	67			58			95		
Frederick	540		103	466		121	550		265
Giles	558	1	87	541	6	23	433	11	91
Gloucester	89			143			211		
Goochland	150		35	155		18	227		12
Grayson	333			406			212		
Greene	43	9		28	18		32	6	
Greensville	416			339			272		
Halifax	37		25	69		17	76		2
Hanover	104			94			118		
Henrico	34			52			73		
Henry	2			1			5		
Highland	717	2	305	725	7	132	672	10	260
Isle of Wight	389			356			303		
James City	175			156			229		
King & Queen	190		32	185		36	239		12
King George	266			249			333		
King William	178			299			371		
Lancaster	293			532			312		
Lee	36			37			37		
Loudoun	111		17	94		13	148		2
Louisa	144		69	138		37	285		31
Lunenburg	55		17	86		17	90		3
Madison	37	2		22	11		32	14	
Mathews	26			40			71		
Mecklenburg	46		5	42		1	46		
Middlesex	49			62			75		
Montgomery	13		116	26		55	20		115
Nansemond	495	6		300			251	1	
Nelson	97	1	46	79	13	11	126	14	11
New Kent	205			220			293		
Newport News-Hampton	49			115			252		
Northampton									
Northumberland	242			457			344		
Nottoway	175		29	179		12	246		9
Orange	78	1	34	83		31	142		7
Page	309	2	37	207	6	20	206	18	27
Patrick	249			223			140		
Pittsylvania	63		12	63		12	72		8
Powhatan	219		69	183		34	303		8
Prince Edward	53		33	79		27	101		12
Prince George	253		39	293		16	354		1
Prince William	147		88	141		53	286		13
Pulaski	185			84	2		132		
Rappahannock	149	4		43	4		86	2	
Richmond	169			149			220		
Roanoke	3		28	9		20	18		51
Rockbridge	624	8	277	516	13	141	555	17	255
Rockingham	1,423	10	92	1,177	47	52	1,216	41	143
Russell	6			3			52		
Scott	93			53			52		
Shenandoah	875	1	139	768	1	91	707	4	252
Smyth	376			206	2		235	3	
Southampton	1,211			1,033			1,379		
Spotsylvania	128		59	138		47	208		12
Stafford	246		56	222		38	309		18
Surry	586			240			325		
Sussex	735			791			965		
Tazewell	60			40	4		56	4	
Va. Beach	62			21			24		
Warren	367		46	305	2	49	236	1	74
Washington	159			106	1		104	1	
Westmoreland	65			70			120		
Wise	31			13			11		
Wythe	335	3		209	3		279	5	
York	305			470			561		
TOTALS	26,156	122	4,039	24,934	349	2,406	28,027	342	3,361

Turkey harvest figures do not include spring kills.

WILDLIFE AND TIMBER MANAGEMENT

OAK - PINE AND OAK - HICKORY FOREST

By J. W. ENGLE, JR.
Game Commission Forester

Commission photos by L. G. Kesteloo

MANY of us take for granted the vast acres of timberland in Virginia that cover 67% of the state. While 1/2 million acres of commercial forest land was lost to other uses between 1956 and 1966 (mostly in northern and eastern Virginia), gains over losses in southwest Virginia offset the loss on a statewide basis.² There is now 7% more forest land in Virginia than there was in 1940.

Forest ownership has been shifting from the farmer to commercial and public holdings. Between 1956 and 1966, this amounted to 600,000 acres.²

An item of interest to many woodland users is the discovery that the annual cut of pine in Virginia is exceeding the annual growth of pine by 15%. At the same time, annual growth of hardwood exceeds the cut by 38%.²

All of the foregoing means that forest game (deer, wild turkey, bear, squirrel, raccoon, and grouse) have a bright future in Virginia. The increase in pulpwood production from 1.4 million cords in 1958 to 2.4 million cords in 1965² is a bright spot to browse eaters like deer who need 4 pounds dry weight of browse per day.

From Virginia's fall line westward, much of the forest can be classed as oak-pine mixture, and practically all forest land west of the Blue Ridge is oak-hickory. It is the oaks, with their associated species of gum, hickory, yellow poplar, elm and maple, that are important to our forest game. Interspersion of coniferous cover is an important item to good grouse habitat.

It is from west of the fall line and these type forests that 80% of our deer, 85% of our turkey, and 98% of our bear are harvested.

Woodland management and logging influence production of these forest game species more than any other activity. Like it or not, it is deer and deer hunters that are "keeping the store" in the wildlife conservation field in Virginia. Deer provide more man days of hunting and have a greater economic influence on hunting activities than any other one game species. This does not mean the other species are not important. They are very important. But woodland management for wildlife must first consider deer and attempt to modify forestry practices to have the least detrimental influence on other species.

Studies in oak-pine timberlands of Craig County by Patton and McGinnes in 1964³ found the uncut timberland to have 10 pounds of deer browse per acre. Timber harvests removing 30% of the volume of timber increased deer browse to 31 pounds per acre the first year after the cutting. Larger volumes of timber removed increased the available deer browse as would be expected; for example, 80% timber volume removed yielded 154 pounds of browse per acre. Their observations indicated the beneficial effects for deer began to fade after the fifth year.³

This would mean, in a "test tube" type situation, if it takes 4 pounds of browse per deer per day, it would take 146 uncut acres to feed a deer for a year. By harvesting 30% of the timber volume, a deer could be raised on 47 acres per year. But, if he eats all the food the first year,



Above: Uncut oak-hickory forest yields little browse and almost no herbaceous ground cover. Below: Following a timber sale browse for deer and seed and fruit bearing plants that benefit turkey and grouse are abundant.



what does he do the second year? Or, what influence do acorns have, or grass, or weeds, etc.? The whole system is not as simple as it first looks.

"Mast," and acorns in particular, is a very important wildlife food. Normally we can expect a good acorn crop in only two out of five years.¹ Oaks do not begin to produce an acorn crop of any worthwhile volume until the trees are 12-14-16 inches in diameter.

Experimental work carried out at the Central States Forest Experiment Station during the 1940's and 1950's in oak-hickory timber stands similar to ours appears to be helpful to us in our woodland management. When 50% of

(Continued on page 18)



Abandoned logging road brings sunlight to forest floor which stimulates browse and other food plants, in this case mostly blueberries. Maximum effect lasts only a few years after logging, as canopy of trees closes rapidly overhead. Below: A marketable oak left for mast production within a timber sale area.



Above: sprout production six years after a timber sale. Even aged timber management would not have left the young trees in background. Below: Here the abundant sprout production shown above has begun to grow out of reach of deer which have browsed heavily up to about waist height.



Wildlife and Timber Management

(Continued from page 16)

the sawtimber volume was cut, the remaining volume more than doubled in the next 8 years. Increasing the cut to approximately 68% gave similar results. However, a heavy cut of about 96% removal just knocked the area out of future timber production for 60 to 80 years.⁴

All of the foregoing is a simplified, boiled-down version of the thinking controlling timber sales and wildlife management on Game Commission-owned Wildlife Management Areas in the upland and western portion of Virginia. Each cove, each flat, each ridge is a community of complex, inter-related trees, shrubs, animals, insects and diseases, together forming an ecological system. Every effort is made to manage the parts of these systems to improve wildlife habitat, increase wildlife numbers, and provide growing timber volumes appealing to the human eye, with a thought to what can be done in another 5-10-15 years to benefit further our forest wildlife.

For example, on a typical Wildlife Management Area:

We divide the management unit into compartments



White pines planted following timber sale. Another sale will remove remaining large trees and release young pines.

of 600 to 1,000 acres. A number of compartments are scheduled for timber sale each year, but not all compartments each year. This is to spread out our cutting, and not neglect any faraway places. Since most of our lands do not have the maximum growing stock, cutting is prescribed at 40% of the annual sawtimber growth and 60% of the product's (pulpwood) growth. In turn, this has to be converted into acres over which to hold a sale, remembering that certain volumes per acre must be reached to interest a buyer. Such cutting will permit our returning to the same acre every 15 to 30 years for another cut.

At the same time, if available, we leave 2 den trees per acre, recognizing that most good trees are generally 16 inches or larger in diameter breast high, leave oak on ridges to prevent frost damage to the acorn crops, leave a tree with a grapevine in it, leave one white oak for every two red oak (one takes 2 years to mature acorns), try to obtain 1% to 10% of the forest in openings, and return each year following a sale to plant 15% to 30% of the sale area in pines as future cover for wildlife.



Abundant blueberry crop follows timber sale.

Goshen-Little North Mountain is about 33,000 acres, over 36 miles long. One salaried man is using the foregoing techniques to influence the area by selling timber on approximately 800 acres each year. It also returns \$7,000-\$8,000 each year, not counting the thing we are in business for: a deer kill of several hundred, a turkey harvest of about a hundred, ten black bear, and a lot of good times outdoors for sportsmen hunting small game.

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Old homestead maintained as wildlife clearing, plus adjacent forest, plus utility right of way provide three types of wildlife habitat and much of the highly desired "edge effect."



Lets' Cook

Tough Old Venison

By MARJORIE LATHAM MASSELIN
Richmond

IF I were a Crusader, I would lead an anti-recipe movement. Sounds a bit odd coming from a self-styled cook, does it not?

Well, the fact is that recipes really do not amount to a great deal as such. If I were training young cooks, I would teach them that so far as meat cookery is concerned, there are perhaps a half dozen of most basic preparations, and that all the millions of recipes that appear in print from time to time are simply variations of those primary methods. Once you know this, believe in it and have mastered those basics you are not likely to go very wrong in the kitchen.

It is often said that cooks are born, not made, which is true to this extent. A good cook has to have a sixth sense that enables her (or him) to look at a piece of meat and—if I may misquote the Bard—say, “By the pricking of my thumbs, something evil to my kitchen comes.” This is especially true of wild game, simply because there is no way to standardize the quality of it. About the only thing you can rely on absolutely, is that if it were the greatest, the huntsman would not be giving it to *you*; he would be cooking it himself. Or to put it another way—be a cynic.

Now, with that lesson fixed firmly in mind, you accept the gift hunk of venison graciously and you think *moist heat, moist heat, moist heat; long cooking, long cooking, long cooking*. Your foot never strays from that mental path, and you have no illusions. No visions of a lovely rare and succulent roast are allowed to sidle up and tug at the coat-tails of your resolve, because you *know* there are all kinds of wonderful things that can be done with *moist heat and long cooking*.

Moist heat does not *necessarily* imply the addition of liquid. Meat can be cooked by this method using only its own juices with or without the addition of one or more vegetables. To accomplish this, the meat must be carefully sealed up in one way or another so that steam created by the application of heat to the meat's own moisture is utilized and largely retained in the completed dish. All kinds of containers have been devised for this purpose from jungle foliage to pressure cookers. One of the most satisfactory of these is a simple pastry case.

Venison Pie

Pastry—There are two kinds of pastry which can be used for this kind of pie, each of which has its advantages. A hot water pastry, which is easier to handle for an inexperienced cook, and a cold water pastry, which will be more tender and flaky.

1. Into 2 cups flour work $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lard until it is mealy. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt if desired. Blend in cold water to make a smooth, stiff dough. Roll two-thirds of the dough for a liner and keep the remainder for the covering crust.

2. Melt $\frac{1}{3}$ cup lard in 1 cup water and bring to a boil. Make a well in 2 cups flour with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt added



Commission photo by Kesteloo

Have no illusions that it is tender and succulent, and no visions of a lovely rare roast. It is going to need moist heat and long cooking.

and pour in the hot liquid. Mix to a smooth paste. You may need more flour; I sometimes do. Cool before rolling.

Filling—about 2 pounds tough old venison, raw. Cut this into neat cubes, completely free of all fat and gristle. Sprinkle all surfaces carefully with tenderizer salt and pepper. Chop four large onions, coarsely. There is a new 20 ounce package of frozen whole “pearl” onions that works well. Scatter them in whole and unfrozen.

Select a container at least three inches deep. Earthenware is nice or copper, but pyrex or any ovenproof dish will do very well. The sides should slant a little to make it easier to get slices out, but this is not absolutely necessary. Line the dish with the pastry.

Lay about $\frac{1}{4}$ of the meat on the bottom and sprinkle $\frac{1}{4}$ of the onions on top of it. Repeat this to make 4 layers. Now roll the top pastry, cutting a round hole about an inch in diameter right in the center. Lift it on over the meat filling. Tuck the edges of the top crust down over the edges of the lining crust and press well against the sides of the dish. Flute the edges. Brush all over with the yolk of an egg beaten up with a few drops of water. Put in a preheated oven 300 degrees and leave it *absolutely alone* for about 3 hours.

Meanwhile, take any bones that may have been in the venison plus a good knuckle of veal or beef and any other odds and ends of bones and meat. Crack the knuckle with a hammer. Put these into a kettle with water to cover. Add salt, a few peppercorns, a bayleaf, a rib of celery, sprigs of parsley, a carrot, some mushroom stems—whatever “goodies” happen to be hanging around that look as though they would add flavor to the aspic jelly you are about to concoct.

Let all this simmer over moderate heat for the three hours it takes the pie to bake. Strain it. Clear it of absolutely ALL fat. Reduce it to about 2 cups. Ladle some onto a saucer and put it in the refrigerator. It should jell as soon as it cools. If for some reason it has not done so after an hour or so, you probably will have to add an envelope of plain gelatin soaked in a little cold water before dissolving it in the hot broth. It is not necessary to reheat *all* the broth . . . just enough to dissolve the gelatin. Chances are the gelatin will be unnecessary. Unless you have a very strange assortment of bones they will almost always produce a firm jelly.

When both pie and aspic are perfectly cold, pour the aspic into the pie via the hole in the crust. Pour in just enough to fill without letting it run over on the crust. Chill the pie to let it firm up, but serve it at room temperature. It keeps well. It can be used all at once for a meal or it can be nibbled on between meals for a snack. It is great on a picnic. With a salad, a glass of ale and a slice of Stilton, you can eat it and pretend you are back in that charming little London Pub you found last summer.

Another kind of meat pie, equally British, that a tough cut of venison does beautifully is a thing the English generally call a “pudding” but which is really a stew. It is Pub fare, too, and is usually served with a crust of Yorkshire Pudding. It can be baked with the Yorkshire batter poured on top of the stew, but quite frankly it will “come off” much better if the two parts are prepared separately and not combined until serving time. The stew part can be made well ahead—a day or two if necessary—and the cook has only to cope with the topping at the last minute. Since Yorkshire Pudding must be baked at very high heat, doing it by itself avoids the possibility of burning the meat.

Venison and Kidney Pudding

You are not likely to have much available in the way of venison kidneys although, of course, they are perfectly fine if you are lucky enough to have them. Assuming that you do not, it is quite proper to use either lamb or veal kidneys with the distinct preference being for the lamb. Allow at least two lamb kidneys, which are small, to each cup of cubed raw venison. Very seldom does one get a lamb kidney from the market which needs to be peeled. However, this does happen occasionally, so if the kidneys you acquire seem to have a cloudy film over them do not be alarmed. It is simply this membrane which now and then fails to get removed by the butcher and which peels off very easily. The kidneys will also have some tubes and cartilage, usually white, that must also be removed carefully because it is tough and indigestible and certainly should not be included in the finished stew. It is a bit tricky to get it all as some is rather fine and goes deeply into the flesh, but it can be done with patience and a sharp pointed knife. Always work with a very sharp knife. You are far less apt to cut yourself with a sharp blade than a dull one because the sharp one goes where you point it and cuts what you expect it to cut. A dull knife is full of surprises.

Cook the kidneys—and they will be pretty well cut up in the right sizes by the time you get through dissecting them—in butter or a combination of butter and olive oil just until they are nicely brown and done through, or even still a trifle pinkish. Set them aside in a covered dish. Kidneys are delicate things both in texture and flavor and should never be overcooked. They are intended to add flavor and interest to the dish, and they must be included for a reasonable length of time to marry the flavors, but they must not be cooked to death the way you are going to cook the tough old venison.

With the kidneys in a safe place, add the venison to the butter and oil in the pan and brown it well. Add a medium sized chopped onion per cup of venison meat and if you like, a handful of sliced mushrooms as well. Reduce the heat to a slow simmer, cover tightly and cook until the venison is tender. The addition of some dry red table wine will help to break down the tough muscle fibers and aid in keeping the meat moist while it cooks, but this is not necessary. If you keep the lid on tight and the heat turned low, there will be enough juice from the meat and vegetables.

The gravy will need to be thickened. For this you can use a roux of softened butter and flour or tomato paste or ordinary hot catsup. The hot catsup will add just about as much seasoning as it needs assuming, of course, that you treated the venison with tenderizer salt before cooking. Serve a portion of this either on or under a square of Yorkshire pudding. Add a salad and a glass of beer and you are in business.

Yorkshire Pudding

1 cup milk, 1 cup flour, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, oil to cover the pan . . . a shallow roasting pan is about right. Sift the flour and salt. Beat the eggs. Add the eggs and the milk to the flour, stirring just to mix. Pour this into the oiled pan and pop it into an oven preheated to a good hot 450-475 degrees or hotter if you are really going to be on hand to sniff the first hint of scorching. You cannot keep opening the oven to peep at it. 25-30 minutes at 450 is about right—less at higher heat, but not appreciably less. It must not be soggy. Yorkshire Pudding is too perfectly diaphanous when done correctly to let impatience spoil it.

(Continued on page 21)

A LESSON THE HARD WAY

By THOMAS D. JONES
Warrenton

IN the early afternoon on the day after Christmas a rabbit hunt started from Mr. and Mrs. John Walker's Fox Hall Farm at the junction of Potato Run and the Rapidan River at Batna, Culpeper County. Edward H. Cann of Fredericksburg, Bill Walker, and the writer of this article started out just after partaking of a big Christmas week dinner for which Mrs. Walker was noted.

It was a bright clear winter day and the half-breed beagle soon struck a hot trail on the edge of "The Flats," a section covering several thousand acres of mostly wooded land. "The Flats" was principally noted for good heart cedar posts, good turkey and rabbit hunting, and pretty good quail hunting.

It was my first hunt with a shotgun, and my borrowed gun was unique. I have never seen one like it before or since. It was a hammer action, single barrel 16 gauge gun that didn't "break" for loading. It was necessary to cock the hammer, then open the barrel with a hinged contraption in which the firing pin was set. After loading, this device was closed and the hammer let down gently.

Soon the big beagle had a rabbit headed straight back at us through a field of small cedars. Since it was my first hunt with a shotgun, Cann and Bill gave me the first shot, which I missed. Then I couldn't get the empty shell out because the ejector wouldn't work.

As we walked along on our hunt, I kept trying to get the empty shell out in order to reload the gun. Just as we reached Stony Hill, about a half mile along from my first shot, the hound was exploring a slightly cold trail and I rested the gun on my foot and finally got the empty shell out, reloaded and closed the gun, whereupon the shell fired and I felt a numb sensation in my right foot. I looked and saw a clean hole in the middle of my shoe and my foot tingled and hurt a little. In disbelief I picked up my foot and looked at the sole of my shoe and sure enough it was split in several

directions and telltale spots of blood were seeping out. Cann and Bill looked at me questioningly. As calmly as possible I said, "Well, I shot a hole in my foot." Cann, who was about 22 (Bill and I were 14), asked urgently, "Do you want us to carry you?" I said, "No, just carry the gun." Then I ran 1½ miles back to Fox Hall without getting out of breath.

When I took off my shoe and bloody sock, my middle toe on my right foot was just hanging by the tendons. The 16-gauge shell had taken it off just where it joined the foot. Dr. Willis, the family doctor in Culpeper, was called and it turned out he was just across the road at Mrs. Hurt's house, which I had just run by. By the time he arrived pains were going all up my right side and into my head. He said he would rather have Dr. Kelly finish the amputation. Edward Cann drove me home.

I was out of school and on crutches until March 1st. My mother taught me at home, and my report card for March was all A's—the only time in my life. This, I suppose, was one good side effect of the accident.

It was December 26, 1925. Now I can walk as well as anyone, but my accident taught me two things the hard way, i.e., never point a gun at any part of any person, whether or not it is loaded, and never use any gun unless it is a good one in good working condition.

I've had lots of fun hunting since this first bad experience with a shotgun, but always with a good gun and careful attention to safety rules. My cousin, Irvine Jones of Clifton Forge, an experienced huntsman and authority on guns, accompanied my father and me to Yowell's Hardware Store in Culpeper and father bought me a 20 gauge Winchester Model 12 pump gun, which I still use.

I was lucky, but each year when I read where someone was killed by some thoughtless act such as mine I think I should write a reminder on gun safety.

Let's Cook Venison

(Continued from page 20)

Yorkshire Pudding can be baked in muffin tins or custard cups, in which case it becomes Popovers. If perfectly executed, these are as hollow as a cream puff, and filled with the venison and kidney stew. They are an interesting change.

If you have not had venison sausage lately, think how good that can be. Bake it and then pour the Yorkshire Pudding right into the pan on top of the sausage. Most people have a butcher make this for them, so there seems little use to consider the various recipes for it here.

One other way to use a quantity of tough venison is to make venison mincemeat. There is a row of neatly bottled venison mincemeat sitting on my cellar shelf right now waiting for the holidays. The left-over went into a few tarts that are sitting on the kitchen counter getting cool. Presently we will sample them with a pot of tea and some good sharp Cheddar cheese.

Venison Mincemeat

Put about a two pound chunk of venison into about a quart of cider or apple juice, and simmer it until it is tender or at least cooked through. When it is cool enough to handle,

put it through the medium blade of the food chopper. Put about a pound of good quality beef suet through the same blade.

Peel, quarter and core at least 4 pounds of tart apples and put them through the coarse blade of the food chopper. Put all this—meat, suet and apples—back into the liquid in the kettle in which the venison was cooked. Add another quart of cider and about a pint of Bourbon and then start adding:

1 lb. seeded muscat raisins

1 lb. seedless raisins

1 lb. currants

2 lb. brown sugar (more or less according to taste)

Spices to taste

I start with about 2-3 Tbs. cinnamon, a tsp. each of mace and nutmeg and half as much clove and allspice. Then I taste and adjust the amounts as the mincemeat simmers and thickens until it is just right to suit our tastes. Keep the heat low so that it does not scorch and catch on the bottom of the kettle. Seal in sterilized jars and keep for an auspicious occasion.

Chronicle of the Feed Patch

By WALTER J. MACKEY
Norfolk

WHEN the 1968-1969 hunting season brought only questionable success for my efforts at stocking quail, I decided in February 1969 that for the next season I would concentrate on making wildlife feed patches instead. Where last year I bought birds, this year I would buy seed.

During 1967 and 1968 I had bought a total of over 800 birds from commercial producers for release in the woods and fields where I hunt in Southampton County. With the help of Mr. H. E. Dunlow and Mr. A. E. Johnson, the farmers with whom I hunt, I had a flight pen built measuring 50 by 75 feet, 7 feet high, in an out-of-the-way wooded plot on Mr. Johnson's farm. After obtaining the required state inspection and approval of the pen and a permit from the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries, I raised the birds from about 6-weeks' age to near-adulthood.

The pen provided ample space for the "biddies" to grow to mature size and to become flight conditioned. In carefully planned stages, we released the birds in covey-sized groups over a wide area to avoid any danger of overpopulation. We selectively placed store-bought galvanized feeders near streams and cover and kept them filled with turkey feed and game-bird feed to help the birds survive until they could find food on their own.

My farmer friends and I expended much time, work, and money over a period of two years on this experiment at stocking. Lacking a system for measuring results, one might say it was not a complete failure. It certainly increased the supply of available quail temporarily during the hunting season. We have little assurance, however, that over the long haul there has been any actual increase in the permanent quail population of the area.

This year we changed course. We would provide the feed; the birds themselves would increase their own numbers. We hope that for the coming season our efforts will bring more visible results on hunting days. But more than that, our long-range aim is to establish a greater number of coveys as permanent residents. With the advice and encouragement of Mr. James L. Ogden, State Game Warden in Virginia Beach, we decided that habitat is the only sure secret for success. For 1969-1970 we would follow the feed-patch approach all the way.

In the March issue of *Virginia Wildlife*, a persuasive reminder in the "Drumming Log" urged hunters to place orders for the free wildlife planting materials that are available each year from the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries. My phoned request to Mr. Ogden was filled in

just a matter of days—on March 27th, to be exact.

To supplement the free seed, and also to test some ideas proposed by my wife, Irene, in early April I bought a rather substantial amount of other kinds of seed from a local commercial supplier. These included buckwheat, timothy, Mini-Milo, regular milo, soybeans, six-week blackeye peas, Korean and sericea lespedeza, and a variety of millet. We combined them in several different "recipes" that perhaps would be ideal—we hoped—for attracting and holding the elusive bird.

When the time came for selecting the planting sites, we took the advice which the Commission tagged on the bags of their mixture: "Plant in the spring where you hunt in the fall." Recalling with Mr. Dunlow and Mr. Johnson the fields we had trudged through the past season, we had no trouble plotting out locations and visualizing the possibilities of each. We could judge easily and optimistically how many coveys each patch could support next season. In anticipation we could almost hear the lonesome calls of "Bob White," "Bob White" that would surely fill the air when winter comes.

Fortunately for our project, my farming friends had ample field edges and other patches of land available where woodland cover and water are either adjacent or fairly nearby. Soon our list of sites was complete and our planting plans were ready. Spring had arrived and the weather was ideal for the outdoor work to begin.

In the latter part of April and early May, I bought supplies of lime and fertilizer, and arranged for men and machines to do the plowing, disking, and whatever other preparation of the soil was needed for each patch. I even enlisted my wife's help with raking when the hired hands and mechanical equipment were committed to more urgent farm work

during the busy spring season.

Finally, by the middle of May, some 20-odd patches ranging in size from one-eighth acre to one-acre-plus were ready for the seed; about six of them were located on farmlands of Mr. Johnson and the rest were on lands tended by Mr. Dunlow. On four successive weekends in May-June I drove from Norfolk to Southampton County and either personally planted or supervised the planting of these patches, some with the Commission's game-bird mixture, the others with various other mixtures that my wife and I devised.

From that time on, even the finest rose could not boast of more generous doses of TLC. Fertile soil provided a productive base. Nature and the elements favored sturdy growth and abundant stands. By midsummer, seedheads had grown full and strong and tall. The accompanying picture of my wife highlights millet and milo as they looked in mid-August. To this extent, at least, our feed-patch project can already be called a success. Only time and the 1969-1970 quail season will tell just what the degree of success will be.



Irene Mackey in Southampton County feed patch.



*Bird
of the
Month:*

Ruddy Duck

By DR. J. J. MURRAY
Lexington

THE little Ruddy Duck carries the heavy scientific name of *Oxyura jamaicensis rubida*. The first of these words gives us the genus, to which no other duck in the United States belongs. The second tells the species; and the third the subspecies, or variety.

This is another of the cases where the scientific name has changed, while the common name has remained steadfast. Alexander Wilson originally called the bird *Anas rubidus*. It has also been called *Anas jamaicensis*.

The ruddy is one of our smallest ducks, only 14 to 17 inches in length. It is marked by a short neck, and by short tail feathers that turn up.

In summer the back and sides and neck of the male are dull red. It has white cheeks, white underparts, and a bright blue bill. In winter, except for the white cheeks, it is like the female. In summer and winter the female is grayish-brown above, with a darker cap, and is whitish below.

The ruddy duck has a very extensive nesting range, from the Prairie Provinces of Canada, through the West Indies, and into Guatemala and the mountains of Colombia. While wintering mainly in our southern states, it has a wider

range in winter than in summer, being found up into British Columbia and Massachusetts and as far south as Costa Rica.

The glacial potholes in the Dakotas and the adjoining provinces of Canada provide the chief nesting areas for this duck.

In the nesting season the male ruddy stays with the female and their young. This is very different from the situation with most ducks, where the male after the young hatch goes about his pleasure while the female cares for the young until it is safe for them to go on their own. In the hunting permit stamp for the 1941-1942 season a pair of ruddy ducks were shown, accompanied by the little ducklings.

In the fifth volume of his famous series of life histories of North American birds, A. C. Bent gives a full account of the history and habits of this little duck, which is remarkable for its molts and habits, and particularly for its eggs. Although it is one of our smallest ducks, its eggs are about as large as the eggs of a wild turkey. In a well made nest, fastened to the reeds above the water, it usually lays six to ten eggs, white to creamy white.

The favorite winter area for this attractive little duck is our Virginia Back Bay.



Edited by HARRY GILLAM

Hasty Shooters Cause Most Hunting Accidents

Getting in front of a trigger happy fellow hunter seemed to be the best way to get yourself shot last hunting season. Mistaking the victim for game was the most common cause listed for accidents during the 68-69 fiscal year, but victims being out of sight of the shooter or covered by the shooter as he swung on game ranked a close second. Improper handling of guns, including clubbing, handling loaded firearms in vehicles, dropped weapons and horseplay, accounted for 9 accidents.

The majority of the accidents occurred at close range on clear days and in light to open cover. Of the 46 hunting accident victims, 38 were injured and 8 lost their lives. The previous 12 month period included the same number of accidents but only seven fatalities. Only one out of each 4,000 hunters approximately becomes involved in a hunting accident either as shooter or victim. Three of the hunting accident victims had received the hunter safety course. One of these suffered a self-inflicted wound and two were shot by other hunters.

During the fiscal year 11,033 students were graduated from the Hunter Safety Course, making the grand total 58,716 as of June 30, 1969. The fact that the hunting accident rate per 10,000 hunters has remained stable, in spite of the increase in the number of hunters pursuing their sport in Virginia, is considered evidence that the hunter safety training program is effective.

40 Streams in 33 Counties Receive Trout

Some 40 streams in 33 western Virginia counties received a fall stocking of trout from Game Commission hatcheries between October 13 and November 3. This is the only large scale stocking scheduled for mountain streams this fall. Flood waters washed an estimated 20,000 trout from ponds at the Game Commission's Montebello trout rearing station, but this is not expected to substantially affect fall stocking. All streams are reported to be in good shape.

Gates Closed on Amelia Lake

The gates were closed in early September and the 100-acre lake constructed this summer on the Game Commission's Amelia Wildlife Management Area along the Appomattox River is now filling. The newly created impoundment will be stocked in the spring of 1970 with bass, bluegills and channel cats. The lake will probably not be opened to public fishing until sometime in 1972. Yet to be completed are parking facilities, rest rooms and a concession stand where rental boats, bait, tackle and food are to be available to anglers.

Nice Claytor Smallmouth



This beautiful 5 pound 4 ounce citation smallmouth was taken from Claytor Lake by Melvin D. Semones of Wytheville.

Bay Fishing Committee Formed

A "Bay Fishing Committee" has been formed to look out for the interest of Chesapeake Bay sport fishermen. Among the group's objectives are a study of the effects of certain commercial fishing activities coupled with efforts to reduce any possible conflict with sport fishing, evaluation of new industrial plants along the bay in terms of their effects on sport fisheries and on the beauty of the bay, and to work with the states of Virginia and Maryland in obtaining more thorough studies of sport fish populations and better enforcement of laws relating to litter and pollution.

The group is currently soliciting memberships with a dues scale ranging from a \$5.00 associate membership to a \$1000.00 charter membership. All memberships include a subscription to a monthly newsletter with details on major issues affecting bay fishing plus information on fishing and boating in the bay, sched-

uled regattas and other water-oriented activities. For further information write David R. Harrison, 724 14th St., N. W., #309, Washington, D. C. 20005.

Marked Gulls

Ring-billed gulls from nesting colonies on the great lakes have been marked with 1½ inch colored plastic discs attached to their wings. At least one of these birds was seen in Virginia last year and persons sighting these colorfully marked gulls are asked to report the location to Dr. William E. Southern, Northern Illinois University, De Kalb, Illinois.

Tackle Box Decal is New Fishing Status Symbol

A big bass taken on an Arbogast lure may be your ticket to membership in one of three exclusive clubs. The group with the biggest membership is the 5 pound Bass Club. Slightly more exclusive is the 7½ pound Bass Club and for the old masters there is the most coveted membership of all, the 10 pound Bass Club. Fishermen who have caught qualifying bass on any Arbogast lure can obtain the appropriate free decal by describing their catch in a letter to Dick Kotis, Fred Arbogast Company, Inc., 313 West North Street, Akron, Ohio 44303.

Crewe Crew Slays Buggs Island Cats



Kenneth Presley, W. R. Copal and Curtis Estep of Crewe together lift a string of catfish and one striper that weighs over 100 pounds. The anglers from Crewe caught two 12 pound cats, one 11 pounder, two 10 pounders and a number in the 5 to 6 pound range. The rockfish weighed 15 pounds.



Edited by ANN PILCHER

An Excellent Shot



On July 5 Tommy Wheeler of Fishersville proved his superior marksmanship by downing this 9-1/2 lb. groundhog at 75 yards with a .22 long rifle, using hollow point bullet. A hunting license is necessary to take such non-game species as the woodchuck, but there is no bag limit or closed season.

Sound Corner

Rudyard Kipling's *Just So Stories*, narrated by Sterling Holloway with music by Camarata (\$3.25 members; \$3.95 non-members); Walt Disney's *The Jungle Book*, with Phil Harris, Sebastian Cabot and others (\$3.15; \$3.95); *Animal Folk* Recorded by Burl Ives, (\$3.25; \$3.95). All three 33-1/3 rpm. records are available from the National Wildlife Federation, 1412 16th St., N. W., in Washington, D. C.

Saltwater Record Buster

Virginia Beach outdoor writer and photographer Vernon E. Stevens has graciously lent us a print of his photo of Hopewell teenager Stuart Lee, whose 454 lb. 4 oz. state record breaking blue marlin catch was described on September's "Youth" page. Weighmaster Tom Bourdon is at right.



Wildlife Conservation—Wealth for the Future

Many teachers dread putting up a bulletin board, merely because a pertinent idea or suitable subject seems unavailable. In February I was trying to correlate an idea to be ready for my March bulletin board chore. Somewhere I read where Wildlife Week was March 17-22, so I decided to see if I could stimulate my 6th graders at Herndon Elementary School around this theme. Nearly everyone had an active part in the activity as it neared completion. They found animals and birds common to the state and drew them. Each was defined and described on a gummed label attached to the bird or animal. Then a background was drawn. Something short and concise was needed for the caption, so after thinking and consolidating some definitions we came up with our title: "Wildlife Conservation—Wealth for the Future." So the next time



Loudoun Times-Mirror photo by Bob Dawson
Andrea Carey, left, Cindy Putnam, Jane Rose and Ramona Hack, rear, members of Mrs. Gloria Barber's sixth grade class in the Herndon Elementary Annex, look over a poster entitled "Wealth for the Future," put together in observance of 1969 Wildlife Week.

you need a bulletin board idea, look around in the papers or *Virginia Wildlife* for the celebration of a week upon which to build your theme.

Mrs. Gloria C. Barber, Teacher
Herndon

Wildlife Books

Black bears, playful otters, timber wolf, deer, American eagle, woodland caribou and many other animals are described and pictured in a wonderful 60-page story entitled *Animals at My Doorstep*. All are animals author Helen Hoover has seen near her cabin in the Minnesota woods. Ages 5 to 8. Ranger Rick's Nature Club members' price \$2.80; non-members \$3.50.

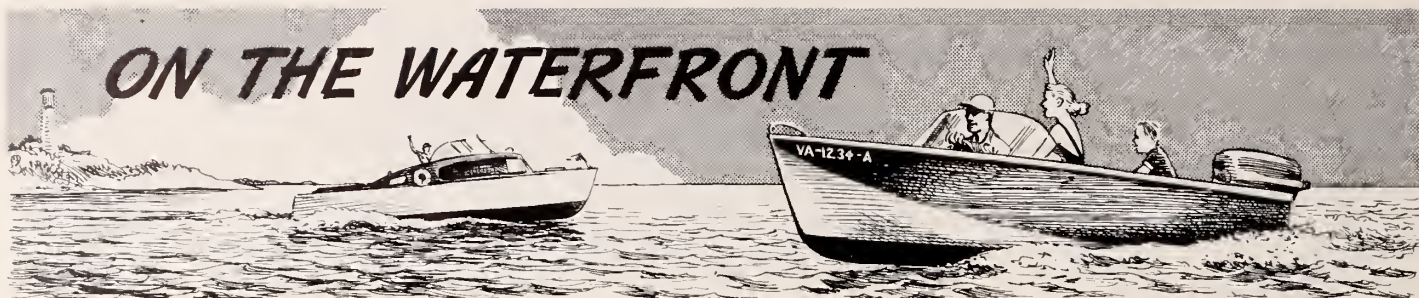
Other books available from the National Wildlife Federation, 1412 16th St., N. W., Washington, D. C. 20036, include:

The Curious World of Snakes, Alfred Leutscher, 32 pages, ages 8-12, \$2.35 (\$2.95); *Dinosaurs and More Dinosaurs*, M. Jean Craig, ages 6-9, \$3.95 (\$4.95); *Birds at Night*, Roma Gans, 40 pages, \$2.80 (\$3.50); *Hunting Big Game in the City Parks* (how to stalk, catch and mount such specimens as the yellow jacket, dragon [fly], and ichneumon wasp), Howard G. Smith, 240 pages, ages 10 and up, \$3.95 (\$4.95); *Fact and Fancy in American Wildlife*, M. M. Milan and William Keane; 110 pages, ages 8-11, \$3.40 (\$4.25).

Summer Memories

Sixth and seventh grade Nature Campers were pictured in July with Darrell A. Ferrell, Game Commission Education Division employee, and at right with their camp director, Mrs. Fred Schilling. Mr. Ferrell is holding wild turkey legs, pointing out its spurs, and describing coloration difference between domestic and wild turkeys. This fall marks Mrs. Schilling's 28th year of working for Nature Camp, either as Virginia Federation of Garden Clubs Board member or as Executive Director of the camp, which is sponsored by the Federation. A large bell was recently presented to Nature Camp in Mrs. Schilling's honor, by the Waynesboro Council of Garden Clubs.





Edited by JIM KERRICK

Winterizing Saves Time, Money Next Spring

As the leaves turn to red and gold, and footballs replace the fielder's glove and baseball, and the kids start back to school, it's time to start thinking about winterizing your outboard motor and preparing it for storage until a new boating season begins next spring.

Your outboard motor is a precision instrument. As with any fine machine, there are procedures which will keep your motor in the best possible condition over the long winter months of disuse.

Since an outboard motor is used around fresh or salt water, moisture is its number one enemy. Even the smallest amount can rust cylinder walls and piston rings. The ignition and fuel systems are susceptible to corrosion; and the running gear, controls, cables and external parts can rust, freeze up and weaken.

Here's a step-by-step check list for putting up your outboard for the winter so that it will remain in good condition until the next boating season.



Photos courtesy Evinrude Motors

Repair or replace bent or nicked propellers.

Remove and Inspect the Propeller: If the propeller is bent or nicked, it should be either repaired or replaced by your marine dealer. The propeller shaft should be cleaned and lubricated. Replace the drive pin if it is worn.

Check the fuel system: Clean the fuel filter bowl and filter element with a cleaning solution. The connector housing on the fuel tank should be removed to allow thorough cleaning of the tank and hose.

Drain the Water Pump: With the engine out of the water in an upright position, give the starter rope several pulls. This will remove residual water. The throttle should be fully retarded and the engine in neutral when stored.

Drain and Refill the Gear Case: This is a very important step in winterizing your outboard. If you notice water in the oil, have the motor checked by your dealer. If it checks out O.K., refill with the manufacturer's recommended lubricant.



Drain all fuel from the engine, then remove and clean the fuel filter element. This will prevent the formation of gum deposits over the winter.

Lubricate Remote Controls: If your boat is equipped with remote controls, check the cables running from your engine to the gearshift housing and steering wheel for twists and kinks. Lubricate lightly.

One of the most important points to check is the shift armature at the motor where the remote cables to the gear shift are connected. Loosen the cable at this armature. This will remove tension from the gear shift cable. Lubricate the armature.

If you follow these simple procedures, you will have prepared your outboard for the long period when it will be in storage. Proper care will save you time and money when you put the motor back in the water next spring.

Lubricate Internal Parts: This is the most important single step in winterizing your outboard motor. Run the engine in fresh water at a fast idle. When you do this, inject a rust-preventative oil directly into the carburetor intake.



Drain lower unit and replace with recommended lubricant.

Most dealers refer to this as "fogging oil," because it has a high resistance to moisture and adheres to internal surfaces.

For best results, disconnect the fuel line and let the engine run for a short time before injecting the oil. Give it several good squirts until it smokes heavily. This injects oil into the cylinders and prevents gums and residue from forming during storage.

Protect External Parts: A lightly oiled cloth will do wonders to protect all metal parts of your engine. A coat of wax will protect the finish.

Remove and Check the Battery: If your motor has an electric starter, remove the battery. Clean the top and terminals with a baking soda solution and rinse with fresh water. Fill the cells to the recommended level and charge the battery. Store in a cool dry place.

**A HUNTER IS
A CONSERVATIONIST**



**WHEN HE USES
A RETRIEVER**

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